VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE FOR ADULTS ONLY $10.00

DIAPERED FRIENDS

FOR ADULT BABIES AND DIAPER LOVERS

CUTE BIG BABY
GIRLS AND BOYS
TELL THEIR TALES

PERSONAL ADS
VOICE MAIL
CODED ADS
TRUE STORIES
ADORABLE PHOTOS


BABY
CLINIC

DIAPERED FRIENDS

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EDITORIAL

Dear Diapered Friend:

I would like to welcome you to this premier issue. When you picked up this magazine you got something different. This magazine wasn't created by professional writers or actors or models. It was created by real adult babies and real diaper lovers just like you - to share their interests and their love with you.

Diapered Friends Magazine is sponsored by the publishers of Fetish Times and by DPF - two organizations that fully understand and support Infantilism by offering a wonderful assortment of products, videos and magazines that cater to this unique audience. In addition, DPF provides a Newsletter with Contact Lists of thousands of adult babies and diaper lovers around the world, not to mention adult babysitting services, worldwide parties and an Adult Baby Convention planned for Palm Springs, California, in 1996.

We believe that everyone in the world deserves to be happy, including adult babies and diaper lovers, and we think we know what really makes you happy. We think it comes from being loved, understood, recognized, supported and valued for BEING WHO YOU ARE, rather than what other people think you should be. We think you should be able to correspond with or meet other adult babies, diaper lovers, or mommies and daddies. We think you should be able to explain yourself to your wife or lover. We think you should get a lot of love and support in your life, just for being who you are.

We at Diapered Friends Magazine want to give you this support, understanding, love and recognition that you deserve love. We want you to know that you're not alone. We want to put you in touch with thousands of other adult babies and diaper lovers so you can find more people who can give you this special thing you need. This thing called love. And understanding. And recognition. And support. This thing called HAPPINESS.

Sincerely, in wet diapers,

Franklin G. Morgan

BABY BETH

Thad was the most understanding man Beth had ever known. Although his shoulders were broad and his six foot two inch frame was muscular, his arms were gentle every time they closed around her and his eyes seemed to melt when he felt deeply, which was often.

Beth had been seeing Thad for more than a year, sharing with him her thoughts and cares and even her inner most dreams. That is, all except one. There was a secret that Beth had kept hidden from any stranger or loved one throughout her twenty-four years of life. She kept it stashed inside, convinced that it would be unacceptable if she revealed it. But after knowing Thad and growing to love and trust him completely, she felt more compelled to reveal her secret to him. This secret was a fantasy that played again and again in her mind's eye when Thad caressed her and made love to her. She lived it out during these times, and again in her bed when he brought herself to hot orgasms. Sometimes her panties were so wet she had to change them, reminding her again that she longed to be wearing not underwear but diapers. Beth, a twenty-four year old medical student with the ready joke or answer, who was thought of as strong and witty by her friends, was deep down a little baby who yearned to be cuddled and pampered. Her fantasies involved packages of diapers in her size and someone now always included Thad placing them under her butt and pulling them snugly around her waist, putting her in a state of ecstasy that was incomparable to any other pleasure.

One night Thad took Beth to their favorite Chinese restaurant for he loved to give her only the best. They dined, happily content in each other's company. At the end of their meal Beth cracked open her fortune cookie.

"What does it say?", Thad asked her.

Beth giggled softly, "You will have what your heart most desires."

"Hmmm...and what might that be?"

The girl looked away smiling to herself, "Just to be your baby."

"My baby", Thad said thoughtfully. "I like the sound of that. You know, I think I know just what you need.

"You do?" Beth drank her Michelob bottle.

Thad took the bottle suddenly from her hand. "This isn't the kind of bottle you want to be drinking from, is it?"

Beth looked up at him, speechless.

"Come on, little one," Thad said. "I knew this day would arrive."

At that he stood, took his girlfriend's hand and led her out of the restaurant and into the cool summer evening.

In the car Thad drove quietly.

"Where are we going?", Beth asked more than once, but he only patted her thigh in response and pulled into the parking lot of a drug store a few blocks away from his apartment.

"Stay here," Thad whispered as he pressed his lips to hers softly.

Beth waited in excited anticipation, her heart beating fast and heavy as she wondered what Thad was doing. From what her boyfriend had said at the restaurant, she wondered if he had figured out her secret desire to be a baby. By the time Thad returned to the car, Beth's panties were wet with anticipation.

"Thad," she said as he put the bag he carried into the back seat and got in the car.

"What is it, baby?"

She leaned toward him, almost falling, and he caught her in his arms and kissed her. Her mouth was almost as wet as her panties.

"What is it, baby?" He said softly as he put his hand on her thigh, then her crotch, discovering her excitement.

"Oh," he said happily. "You 're wet already. We'll have to do something about that." He pulled away gently and started the car.

"What's in the bag?" Beth thought, but dared not ask.

Less that five minutes later, Thad let them into the apartment in his building where they'd slept and laughed and talked thousands of times — except now it felt somehow like the first time in a new way. Thad tossed the bag from the store on his big double bed and returned to the living room where Beth stood, her pants now soaking wet. Thad lifted her in the air, for he was very strong, and she quite light for him.

"Time to give baby what she needs", he said soothingly as Beth trembled a little in his arms. He carried her into his bedroom and laid her on the bed.

"Shhh," he whispered before she could speak, and she stared up at him in awe as he undid the buttons on her jeans, unzipping them and sliding them from her legs slowly.

Beth had legs that were naturally soft, and Thad stroked each one as though it was the most tender thing on earth. He then kissed the top of her head and proceeded to gently pull off her panties. She could feel his hands brush her thighs and she shivered at the sensation.

As Thad brought his girlfriend's's panties down her legs he thought he had been right to stop at the store and get the extras for diapering Beth. He had ordered the diapers in her size months ago when he had started to wait for the chance to claim her as his baby and give his girl what she needed so badly. The extra things he had bought: baby wipes, powder and oil would only make it easier.

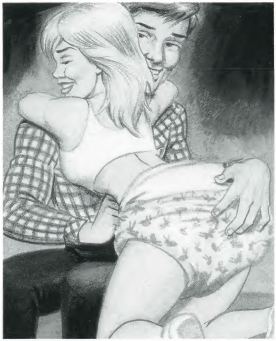
Thad took Beth's panties in his hands and felt how wet they were. He threw them on the floor and took the things he had bought out of their bag. Beth lay on his bed, her legs already spread expectantly and her face and ears hot. She grew more excited

as she watched Thad remove a yellow plastic container from the bag. On the container she saw immediately the picture of a baby's face and knew that he had bought baby wipes just for her.

Wetness was trickling out of her pee pee, and Thad felt how wet she was and how very badly she needed a thick diaper to absorb it and keep his baby girl dry. He took a baby wipe from its brand new container and gently wiped her pussy. As he did this, Beth felt a rush of satisfaction and happiness and utter horniness as she felt the moist cloth clean her cute, wet pee pee.

"Okay, just some Johnson's Baby Oil," Thad said, speaking softly to his little baby Beth. He poured some of the oil into his palm and watched her happy little face. Then he raised her legs so that her cute, soft butt was exposed and with his oiled palm he rubbed her ass so gently that she felt her wetness slide down her thighs and onto the blanket Thad had placed under her.

Thad went to his bureau drawer and reached into the very top drawer where he had put the big diapers he had ordered months ago. They were real baby style, with pins and plastic pants.



"Time to put you in diapers," he said and sat on the edge of his bed where he could diaper her at last. Baby Beth was delighted when he raised her legs with one arm and did what she had been yearning for so many years — having someone putting a big, white diaper under her butt. It was so thick and soft that Baby Beth let more of her wetness run into it.

Thad, now her Daddy, sprinkled her pee pee with powder, then pulled the diaper up between her legs. He pinned both sides, and Beth heard the pins click into place. The cotton diaper was so snug and it fit so perfectly around her little butt and inside her crotch, where it was the thickest.

"That's my good baby," Thad said as he pulled a pair of adult sized baby pants over the thick bulge of her diaper. Baby Beth squirmed happily, raising her legs in the air and kicking with delight.

Her Daddy knew exactly what she needed. He patted her legs down and began stroking the outside of her baby pants and rubbed the softness of her diaper into her pussy. Baby Beth cooed, and when Daddy Thad offered her mouth his fingers, she sucked on them thirstily.

Daddy Thad asked baby, "Are you wet again, little one?"

Baby Beth cooed happily, then looked suddenly upset, as though she might start to cry.

"Don't cry," Thad soothed. "Daddy's here. Yes, Daddy's here."

He reached down inside Baby Beth's big, soft diaper and found that she needed to be changed. No wonder she cried. But first she needed to wet more.

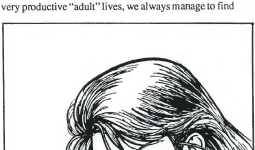
Daddy Thad stroked Baby's pee pee which was hot and swollen. He caressed her in a slow rhythm, his finger tips were soothing and gentle until warm cum came over his hand, as Baby Beth let loose and her diaper became soaked in cum and urine. Baby Beth opened her eyes and looked at her Daddy, happier than she'd ever been.

Daddy Thad sighed happily and prepared to change the first of many of Baby Beth's diapers he would change - because he would want it that way - having a helpless, big baby of his own to pamper and possess.

Call Mommy

Hello, all you big baby boys and girls out in diaperland. I'd like to take a moment to introduce myself. I'm Mommy Gordon, the voice of the "Call Mommy" service that is offered by DPF to members and nonmembers alike. In case you were wondering, I'm proof that there really are women who truly enjoy turning grown men and women into the most adorable, thickly diapered toddlers you've ever seen.

My husband is also my big baby. He and I have no problems integrating his love for diapers and his need to be nurtured into our daily lives. While we both lead very productive "adult" lives, we always manage to find



at least a few moments every day to strengthen and reinforce our love for one another as Mommy and baby, as well as husband and wife. It took a while to sort things out, but today our relationship is in working order, and we have enjoyed being Mommy and baby for the past several years.

When I'm his Mommy I have total control over what he does. I gently and lovingly change his diapers, give him bubble baths and baby massages, take him places like the park or to a movie, sing him to sleep and feed him his bottles and baby food. I actually make my own homemade baby food, as he finds this much more palatable than the store bought kind. I also see to it that he has his paci, and love telling him bedtime stories. I pluck these stories from my imagination, so he (or I) never know where he'll go next, who he'll see, or what type of situation he'll be enjoying. In general, I make sure that he is a very happy, secure, and pampered little baby.

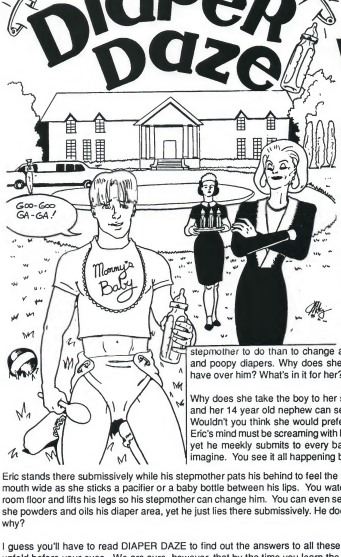
I also do this for many of the Big Babies who call me on the "Call Mommy" line. Many of my callers also like to be taken on fantasy trips such as mall shopping for new clothes (followed by a fashion show of course). Some callers like to be dressed up as little baby boys or as baby girls or sissy babies and then be taken out and shown off in front of all their friends. The fantasy trips we take always depend on the needs and likes of the baby who is calling.

Some of my callers are very new to the big baby scene. Although they've loved and wanted to wear diapers since they were young, they've spent most of their lives thinking that they were the only ones who were "weird" or "perverted". Can you imagine their pleasant astonishment when they learned that there are thousands of big babies and diaper lovers all over the US as well the world.

I also try to help them find their own real life Mommy. I believe it's all in the way that they present their love of diapers. I am acquainted with several other Mommies, and know that there are many more women like myself who would love to have a big baby of their own to lovingly care for and nurture. Hugs & Wubbies. Mommy G.

Mommy G. would love to talk to you. Her telephone number is 317/296-4966. It costs only $35 for 15 minutes. You can pay by credit card or check. Her address is: M. Gordon, PO Box 4143, Lafayette, IN 47903. She is available only in the afternoon because she takes care of her daughter in the mornings. Mommy G is not a professional - she is a real mommy. Mommy G. is sponsored by DPF.

DPF Comic Book



WHY?

WHY?

Why would a typically rebellious, conceited and rude eighteen year old boy allow himself to be turned into a docile and submissive infantile plaything. What would convince a proud teenager to allow his stepmother do this to him. Can you guess what it is?

After Eric's father dies, you'd also think there would be a lot more interesting things for his stepmother to do than to change a eighteen year old boy's pissy and poopy diapers. Why does she do it? What power does she have over him? What's in it for her?

Why does she take the boy to her sister's house so that her sister and her 14 year old nephew can see Eric behave like a real baby. Wouldn't you think she would prefer to keep it secret? You know Eric's mind must be screaming with humiliation and embarrassment, yet he meekly submits to every baby treatment you can possibly imagine. You see it all happening before your eyes. But why?

Eric stands there submissively while his stepmother pats his behind to feel the load in his pants. He opens his mouth wide as she sticks a pacifier or a baby bottle between his lips. You watch as he lies down on the living room floor and lifts his legs so his stepmother can change him. You can even see that he gets an erection when she powders and oils his diaper area, yet he just lies there submissively. He does everything a baby does. But why?

I guess you'll have to read DIAPER DAZE to find out the answers to all these question. The whole story will unfold before your eyes. We are sure, however, that by the time you learn the answers to all these questions, you'll probably have something sticky in your diaper too.

You don't want to miss out on DPF's new Comic Book, DIAPER DAZE, one of the most exciting, absorbing and fascinating big baby stories ever put to pen and ink. Order your copy today - from DPF, Suite 127, 38 Miller Avenue, Mill Valley, CA 94941.

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SO WHETHER YOU ARE JUST CURIOUS, OR HAVE AN INSATIABLE DESIRE... CONTACT THE SOURCE!

DENNA, A MILKSOP BABY

Hi, my name is Denna Morgan and I am a new member of DPF. So far I have found the Club to be very helpful and educational in finding products and literature that relate to some of my special needs. My main reason in joining the club, however, was to meet a woman who may be interested in a boy like me. So this is my story, and I think it will become apparent what a unique boy like me can offer.

I am a 28 year old, single white male of gifted intelligence. I have blonde hair and teal blue eyes, weigh 131 lbs. and am 5' 7". I am a rather creative and imaginative boy, to say the least. You will find me to be very youthful and delicate in comparison to other men and even boys. Some people tell me I look 10 or even 15 years younger, which is kinda' neat in some ways and so befitting, but is very embarrassing also. I still get asked for proof of age most of the time when going to an "R" rated movie.

I think that my having lived a very sheltered and pampered life has a lot to do with my having such a soft disposition. Although I'm not in the least bit rugged looking, some women consider me to be very attractive in a fresh and soft way. This all fits so well with my other traits, so much so that the right women see me for who I am with all of my weaknesses and uniqueness, and take me as theirs.

I view all women as wondrous creatures and respect them for their feminine power and intellect, whether they know they have it or not. I need a woman who wants to be in control, be entertained, delighted, admired, amused, and in charge of a boy like me, and who will allow me to feel safe and secure and protected under her wing. By nature I am a male, who does not have the strengths and convictions that earn the status that comes so easily for other boys and men. I understand that I must give up certain rights and privileges under the care and protection of a woman, but I hope my uniqueness will be intriguing and pleasing to her.

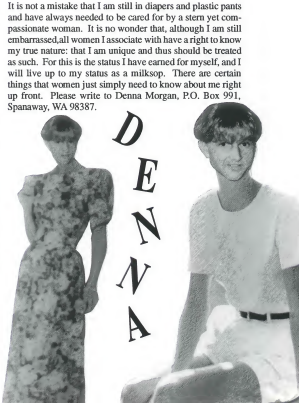
The fact that I am so extremely under-endowed is but a natural manifestation of where I fit into the life of a woman. The fact that I am continuously still in diapers all fits together with who I am. My extreme under-endowment is directly connected with my incontinence. It is medically called penile agnesis, and I naturally lack the stamina that could give me control. My little sphincter muscles are too weak to hold much more than a couple of ounces of liquid at a time, and wetting is light but very often.

With all of this, it may surprise some people to find that I actually have come to accept and choose to be myself with all my weaknesses. This is not a self esteem issue, but rather it's an opportunity for me to give my all to the right woman in the unique ways that only I can. I do not wish to try to hide behind a false shell of manliness (not that that is possible in my case anyway). I only desire to care for, and be under the wing of a woman who will take total and absolute control. This is the only way I can feel safe and secure — by being her submissive milksop.

As I grew up I lived a rather eccentric life where I was dependent on, and pampered and educated by, the best tutors and nannies and teachers available. There was no doubt that I was viewed by others as a complete sissy. Although I tried to fight it for a time, it would only escalate into getting myself hurt. I soon realized that I would always be safer hiding behind the skirts of women forever. I would always be a boy of the effeminate status, to be always under the watchful eye of a woman.

Yet by no means do I ever think of myself as a female, for they are the most evolved and wonderful of all humans. I suppose it is masochism to some extent, but masochism without the emphasis on the pain, but rather more natural and emotional.

It is not a mistake that I am still in diapers and plastic pants and have always needed to be cared for by a stern yet compassionate woman. It is no wonder that, although I am still embarrassed,all women I associate with have a right to know my true nature: that I am unique and thus should be treated as such. For this is the status I have earned for myself, and I will live up to my status as a milksop. There are certain things that women just simply need to know about me right up front. Please write to Denna Morgan, P.O. Box 991, Spanaway, WA 98387.



BABY SKIP

My story is a little different in that I do not now and never have had any trouble with being able to control my bodily functions. I simply wear rubber pants and diapers because I enjoy the feel and comfort of wearing them. I also enjoy my fantasies of being a baby. I do not know just when I found out that I had a baby fetish. My first memories of wearing rubber pants and diapers was when I was about 7-1/2 when my mother caught me wearing my baby brother's rubber pants and diapers, which I had been doing for about a year. My mother was so furious that she spanked me and put me to bed, after putting the diapers on properly.

The next day was Sunday, and as it was the custom of my family to visit with out relatives on Sundays. My father thought it would be a good idea if all I was to wear to see my Aunt and Uncle and cousins were rubber pants and diapers. To make my embarrassment even worse, my mother found a pair of my three year old sister's pink rubber pants with rows and rows of ruffles on the seat, leg and waist band. To my parent's surprise this did not bother me, as I enjoyed being put in rubber panties and diapers.

My mother was quick to spot that I was faking embarrassment. In an effort to break me of my desire to return to babyhood, she took me out of rubber pants and diapers and restricted me to the house for the rest of the summer. She also moved all my baby brother's things into her room and put a lock on the door to keep me out. This was not a very efficient means of keeping me from my goal of being in rubber pants and diapers, as I would just climb out of my bedroom window and walk across the roof and climb into my parent's bedroom window to get to the objects of my fondest dreams.

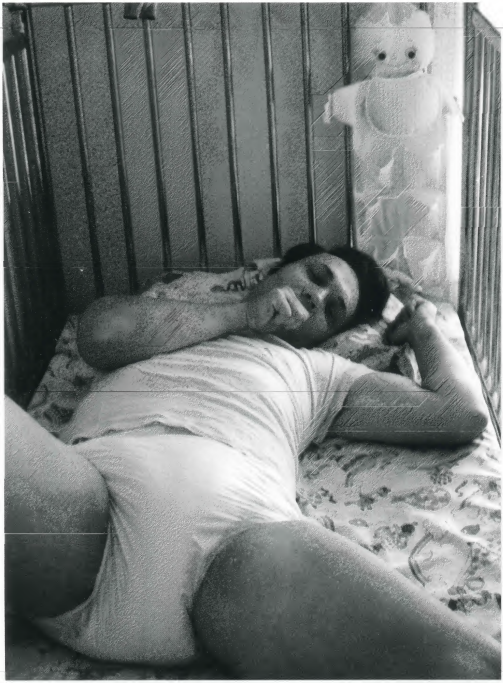
When school started in September my mother would walk me to school and she would be waiting for me when school was out to walk me home. I was not allowed to leave the house after school. This did not bother me much as I was still sneaking into their bedroom and living out my fantasies. I was able to keep up this very fulfilling escape to my parent's bedroom for about a year, at which time my baby brother became potty trained, and my parents threw away all of his rubber pants and diapers.

To my mother's dismay she again caught me wearing my baby brother's rubber pants and a towel for a diaper approximately 6 months later. Before my parents threw away my baby brother's rubber pants, I was able to remove two pair of them from the dresser and hide them in my toy chest inside of a Lionel train boxcar. My mother made me tell her if I had any more rubber pants hidden anywhere around the house and where they were hidden. Again I was restricted for the summer, and walked to and from school by my mother.

All that this did was to make me more careful. I was still able to obtain a supply of rubber pants by climbing out of my bedroom window and raiding the close lines of the houses in the neighborhood, to steal the rubber and plastic pants in the still of the night. Unfortunately my wearing rubber pants and diapers was curtailed to a bare minimum. As I grew older my desire to be in rubber pants and diapers diminished, but never stilled.

The longest period of time that I spent without wearing rubber pants and diapers was while I was in Navy Boot Camp at Great Lakes, Illinois. When I came home from Boot Camp on two weeks leave, the first thing I did was to go to the local five-and-dime and buy a pair of super sized plastic baby pants. I was 6'1" tall, 156 lbs. and with a 27 inch waist. I had no problem in getting into the super sized pants. I spent my two weeks at home from Boot Camp seeing friends and in plastic pants and


BABY
SKITS



diapers at all times. It was sheer heaven to be back in plastic pants and diapers after being forced to be without the love of my life.

When I returned to Great Lakes for school I was wearing my plastic pants and diapers. While at Great Lakes my wearing of plastic pants and diapers was restricted to weekends, as I was living in a barracks with approximately 150 other guys. The barracks did not have any interior walls or partitions, just a large open room with bunks and lockers.

When I was later transferred to Damn Neck, Virginia I was a little luckier. Here I was placed in a room with three other guys, so I did not have too much trouble being able to wear my plastic pants and diapers to bed. I would just wait until my roommates would go to take their showers, and then I would put on the love of my life. I would call down to the quarter deck and put in an early wake-up call so I could be up in time to take my shower and to put on my plastic pants and diapers before my roommates woke up.

After leaving Damn Neck I was stationed on my first ship out of Norfolk, Virginia. This is when I found out just how easy it was to be in rubber pants and diapers any time I wanted. All I had to do was just slip off to one of the equipment rooms that I worked in and I was in seventh heaven.

While I was in the Navy I used pillow cases as diapers because of their abundance and because I would not have to try and hide regular diapers on the ship. Later in my Navy career I was transferred to a ship out of San Diego, California. On one of my many trips to Yokuska, Japan I found a Japanese department store that carried adult sized baby pants. But because I did not speak Japanese and the sales clerk did not speak English, I got the wrong size and had to return it to the store to get a larger size. The sales clerk seemed to be very embarrassed at selling me rubber pants, especially since I was still in uniform at the time.

I have had many wonderful wet days and nights at sea. I enjoyed both the security of wetting my diapers anytime I wanted to and the thrill of being in rubber pants and diapers in such close quarters with so many other guys. There is no way to describe the exhilarating feeling of knowing that at any time your little secret could be found out and which would spread like wildfire through out the ship.


KM
XZ


KM

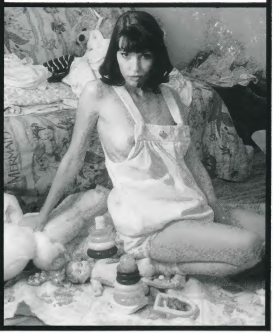
CONNIE'S STORY

Ever since I was a little girl I've thought about how much better it would be to be a baby. I can remember the warm feeling of being picked up and cuddled by my daddy or mommy and the safe feeling of being carried in their arms.

When I was four years old my little sister came along. Suddenly I remembered everything about being a baby again, but I was now big girl, already fully potty trained. I didn't drink from a bottle any more. I was a big girl, and now there was another baby in the house.

I felt so envious of my baby sister. Everybody cuddled her and cooed. I watched when mommy or daddy would change her diapers. They would say sweet words to her like, "What a lovely, pretty baby you are and what a cute little bottom you have", as they stroked her clean with soft, sweet smelling baby wipes. I remember how I used to try to put on her diapers, which had once been mine, and saying, "Look, mommy and daddy, I'm a baby, too". They just laughed at me and told me I was too old for diapers.

My baby sister didn't have to go to the potty or drink from a hard old cup. She had a nice 'ba ba' or even mommy's breasts. I remembered that Mommy's breasts were so soft and round and her nipples had felt so good in my mouth. I remembered pushing them and squeezing them, moving my hands around as I nuzzled and sucked on



her big brown nipples. I wanted to do that again.

Now they were only for my new sister, and mommy wouldn't let me have them any more. I would go into my bedroom and cry in rage and pain, feeling that I was no longer a beloved baby who was held and cuddled. I thought of all the lovely feelings that I was missing.

As I grew older I began to make pretend diapers from towels and to wear them secretly. I would spend time in my room or in the bathroom looking at myself in the mirror wearing nothing but my diapers, and I would get wonderful sensations between

my legs. I even would let myself pee into the diaper, and the feeling of the easy warmth spreading around my crotch and filling my diaper would make me sigh with pleasure.

While in high school I used to imagine that I was wearing diapers to class. I would fantasize that I was wetting myself as a teacher was talking. Sometimes I would imagine that an especially attractive guy was looking at me as I was walking down the hall and peeing in my diaper. A few times I even wore diapers to school and would carefully let myself wet them just a little. That was really a thrill.

As the years passed I felt so lonely. I wanted so much to have someone with whom to share my fantasy. Then, when I

was in my twenties, my dream came true. I met Danny, and we became very close. Finally one day I dared to share my secret with him.

"Oh, delight." It turned him on.

From then on we would have wonderful times together with me being his baby. He would diaper me and stroke me and play with me and call me his pretty baby girl. He would dressed me up in big baby clothes, and then would undress me really slowly, turning me on with his words and his touch. As he took off my wet diapers he would stroke and caress me with baby lotion and baby powder until I came.

He loved to nuzzle his face in my bush, calling me his hairy baby. It made us laugh together - diapers and a furry pussy. Sometimes he would shave me so that my vagina would be bare, just like a baby's. We would make up stories and fantasies about how we were going out for walks together with me dressed as a baby. We would talk about going shopping for toys and baby clothes and about having other friends who would be babies with us. Sometimes we went on picnics and he would put diapers on me under my clothes. We had so many exciting times.

When we got home he would scold me for wetting my diapers and then bathe me clean. Sometimes, while he was bathing me, I would stroke his penis inside his pants. It would grow stiff and hard, and then I would knead his penis through the cloth until he came in his pants. Then I

would laugh and tell him that he needed a diaper too, but he would never let me diaper him.

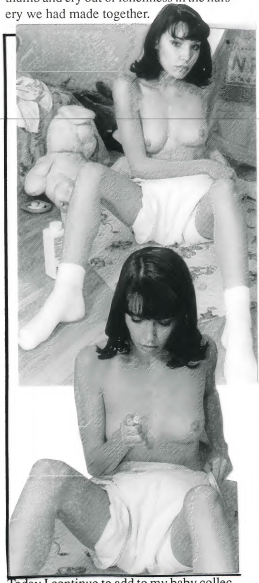
We shared all our ideas and my dreams of babyhood, and we started a big collection of baby things for me. We bought sweet little baby doll pajamas and added stuffed animals, baby rattles and dolls to my collection. I had lots of baby bottles and pacifiers. I loved playing on my big rocking horse and lying on my baby blanket.

Danny liked to take my diapers off so he could see his little, naked baby girl and could play with me and tell me stories about what he wanted to do to me, his baby. This would make me feel delicious. We played a lot together with our collection of baby toys, blankets, bottles and pacifiers.

Sometimes he would make believe he was my mommy instead of my daddy, and encourage me to suck on his nipples as I was being fed. This really aroused him. When we were cuddling and playing or or when I was sucking on my bottle, I would put my hand on his pants - as if by accident. I would feel his cock through his pants and would make believe that I didn't know what it was. Then I would slide my hand into his pants and explore his cock even more as it changed size, speaking baby-talk about this exciting toy that I had found. After awhile I would stroke it and squeeze it and then I would suck on it, too, and that would drive him wild with delight.

Then all our good times were shattered. Danny joined the Marines and was posted overseas .

I was left all alone with my desires and my memories. I would come home from work, put on my diapers, cuddle a toy, suck my thumb and cry out of loneliness in the nursery we had made together.



Today I continue to add to my baby collection, and have added more blankets and toys for all my moods. I have found pretty plastic panties in my size and nursery print diapers too.

If only I had someone to share all this with. It is so lonely in my perfect nursery. I lie on my baby blanket with my toys around me, longing for a daddy who will play with me. When I sleep, I cuddle my soft, furry toys. I know I look so cute in my pink plastic panties with my nice, thick diaper underneath. It would be just perfect to have a "mommy" or a "daddy " to dress me in my baby clothes, like the sweet pink top with the bear on it and a bow at the neck, or my tee shirt with teddy bears on it. If only someone could see me playing on my wooden rocking horse. "Look at me," I think to myself in my wonderful but lonely nursery. "Aren't I an adorable baby? Please come and love me."

I still hope to meet a man again with whom I can share my secret passion, someone who would treat me like the baby I want to be. Sometimes when I notice some stranger in another car or on a bus, I wonder if he could be the one to share my baby dreams with. Then I go home to my lonely diapers.

CHILDCARE MADE EASY

by BoJay

A TRUE STORY

(Ed. Note) This is a true life story. Today James and Kay are planning their wedding. Their names have been changed to protect their privacy.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named James. When he was seven his parents sent him away to boarding school. Many nights James would lie awake wondering how his parents were and why he had to go to school so far away from them. But James was a good boy. He didn't complain a lot and didn't cry, because the bigger kids said only babies cried. After four years James's parents decided it was time to bring James home. James loved being home. He settled down and found new friends and started to sleep through the night without wondering about his parents.

One day James woke up in the morning after a good night's sleep and realized he had wet the bed. He was distraught. He didn't know why he had wet the bed. He didn't want his parents to find out because they might get angry with him, so he decided to hide it from them. Unfortunately a few nights later he wet the bed again.

The next night he got some towels and some pins and a plastic bag. That night he pinned on the towels and taped the plastic bag around them like a diaper. When he woke up in the morning his makeshift diaper was wet, but the sheets were dry. His only problem was what to do with the wet "diaper". Since his mother worked, getting home and washing it would not be a problem.

James kept up this routine for about a week. One day his wonderful mom found the makeshift diaper under his bed and put it on the chair next to his bed. James was devastated. What was he going to do now? When his mom asked him what it was, James answered in tears that it was a diaper he had put together because he wet the bed. He told her he didn't like waking up wet and cold early in the morning, but didn't want his parents to find out about his problem.

His mom was very comforting and explained that his father had the same problem as a child. She told him she was not angry, and that he didn't have to wear diapers to bed. Over the next year they tried a number of solutions to help James with his bedwetting problem, but nothing worked.

One day his mom asked him how things were going with his bedwetting. James hated these conversations and always tried to end them as soon as he could, but this time he blurted out about some diapers he had seen in the Sears catalog. He said that maybe wearing a diaper would be more comfortable for him instead of waking up wet and cold in the morning.

A few weeks later James opened his closet to find a package of disposable diapers. That night he went to bed and lay there thinking about the diapers in the closet. After every one was asleep, he got up and got one of the diapers out and laid it on the bed. He still wasn't sure this was a good idea. He wondered what his brother and friends would think if they knew he wore diapers to bed. After a while he lay down on the diaper, taped it on and looked at himself in the mirror. It didn't seem so bad. It was comfortable, and looked sort of like underwear. The only problem was the crinkling noise the plastic made when he moved around, but that was bearable if it let him sleep 'till morning without waking up cold and wet and worrying about the laundry. He climbed into bed and went to sleep.

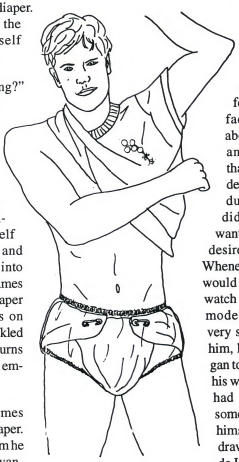
James woke up in the morning later than usual and found that his diaper was wet and his sheets were not. He quickly and quietly undid the tapes, rolled it up, put it in the closet and went about his usual day. That night the wet diaper was gone. There had been no fuss about laundry and bed making, and best of all there was no embarrassing conversations about any of these things. James thought that this might work after all. Every night he would go to bed, put on his diaper and sometimes look at himself in the mirror to reconfirm that it didn't look as babyish as he felt. His confidence was improving and he felt more in control of himself and his body than he had for a long time.

At one point at about age 12 or so, James's friend, Mark, invited him to sleep over for the weekend. Being out of excuses, James told his mom who said she would talk with Mark's mother about James's "problem". James went over to his friend's house and played all day, but delayed bed time as long as he possibly could. Finally Mark's mother said it was time for bed. In the bedroom James noticed a plastic sheet on the desk chair and realized he was to sleep in Mark's queen size bed with him.

There wasn't anywhere else - it was one of those large families where mattress space is valuable!. When Mark went to the bathroom, James took the opportunity to quickly put the plastic sheet under the sheets on the bed and to put on his Sears disposable diaper. James was sitting on the floor diapering himself when Mark walked in.

"What are you doing?" Mark asked. James was extremely embarrassed and blurted out something like "Getting ready for bed". Mark stood there a second looking at James frantically diapering himself with shaking hands, and then climbed quickly into his side of the bed. James finished taping his diaper on, pulled his pajamas on over the diaper and crinkled his way into bed. As it turns out Mark seemed more embarrassed than James.

In the morning James woke up in his wet diaper. When Mark left the room he immediately took advantage of his privacy and pulled off the covers and began to remove his diaper. Of course that was when Mark came right back in. Again Mark was embarrassed, mumbled something, left and didn't come back for a long time. This was the first time someone other than family had seen James in diapers. He and Mark continued to be friends, and diapers were never mentioned.



As time went on, James became more secure about himself. He worried less about wearing diapers and feeling babyish. In fact he felt so good about his bedwetting and diaper wearing that one day he got the desire to wear a diaper during the day. He didn't know why he wanted to do this, but the desire was very strong. Whenever he was alone he would put a diaper on and watch TV or play with his models and would feel very secure. It did worry him, however, and he began to think that somehow his wearing diapers to bed had made him crazy in some way. He would ask himself, "What is it that draws me to this? Why do I like to do this?" And each time the answer was the same - there was no answer. All he knew was that he enjoyed it and it wasn't hurting anyone.






James grew older and went to college. He continued wetting the bed with brief intermissions, and continued to secretly wear diapers whenever he was alone. He had a couple of girlfriends who knew he wore diapers to bed, but didn't know about his other secret. He kept wondering if he was crazy, and if anyone else liked to wear diapers, and how could he ever marry the woman of his dreams if he couldn't tell her about ALL his secrets.

Then one day he was watching "60 Minutes" and they were interviewing Donahue, and the interviewer mentioned that Donahue had done a lot of very unusual shows including one on adults who like to dress as babies. James was awestruck! He was not alone! He was not crazy! It took him some time, but he finally found a group called DPF and wrote to and met others who also enjoyed wearing diapers. Although a great weight was taken off his shoulders, he was still concerned about how he would find a wife who would understand him.

James read a lot of letters and corresponded with a couple of women who helped convince him that if a woman loved him, his bed wetting and wearing diapers wouldn't matter. While James wasn't totally convinced, he realized that if he didn't make the effort soon he would very likely be alone for a long time. Finally he decided to date a girl named Kay who he met at a company party. They hit it off immediately.

Now all James had to worry about was what would happen if he took Kay home one night and he wet the bed? He knew that the next time he spent the night with her he would either have to explain his problem or lay awake all night. Since they were getting along so well, that night arrived fairly quickly. They were lying next to each other ready to fall asleep but James was tossing and turning uneasily, trying to think of a way to bring up his embarrassing problem. Kay eventually asked him if there was something wrong, and he said, "yes". Now there was no turning back. James finally told her that he had a bed-wetting problem. Much to James' surprise she didn't care. Even after he told her that he wore diapers to manage the problem she was very supportive. Now all James had to do was cross one last hurdle and share his deepest secret.

James waited a couple of more months more until he was sure that Kay loved him as much as he loved her. Finally he decided to write her a letter, but found that it was too difficult to explain his feelings on paper and never gave it to Kay. Then one night, after they had been out for a few drinks, he explained to Kay that he not only HAD to wear diapers, but also enjoyed wearing them. He told her about DPF and that there were others like him. He said that he wasn't sure why he like to wear diapers but that it probably had something to do with his boarding school years and his bed wetting problem.

Once again Kay was very supportive. She said her only concern was what he wanted from her. James explained that his dream would be to have her diaper him, change him, and as often as she could re-

affirm to him that his wearing diapers was OK with her. He also said that he would love to be babied once in a while, and that he'd love to see her in a diaper. Kay said that this might all be possible with the exception of her wearing a diaper, at least not for a long time. She explained that this was all very foreign to her and that it would take some time for her to feel comfortable with the diapering and that James should be patient. She said she didn't mind if he wore diapers whenever he felt like it.

In the weeks and months that followed Kay kept reassuring James that it was OK. Eventually the day came when she took his wet diaper off in the morning, and not long after that she diapered him before they went to bed. Now James and Kay live together and are planning their wedding. They are both very happy and madly in love with each other. Every so often Kay will take James into the bedroom, lay him down on the bed and remove his wet diaper and put him into a nice dry one, and the smile on James' face reaches from ear to ear. She also pats him on his diapered bottom every chance she gets, just to make sure he knows that it's OK to wear a diaper.

James on the other hand tries his very best to make sure that all of Kay's needs and desires are fulfilled. He understands that love is a two way street, and loves to do anything to make sure that Kay is happy.

The *Happy* End

DIAPERED CONTACTS

Male, 43, Black hair, Brown eyes, 6foot, 180. I love wearing diapers and plastic pants in a flannelized, rubber-sheeted crib with a teddy bear and a baby pacifier. I'm into the whole baby scene and would like to correspond with a big baby girl or female mommy. Tel: 718/855-2482 weekends. Ruben Montenegro, 190 York Street Apt. #5E, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

Male, 24, Brown hair, Brown eyes, 6 feet, 175. Where is my little girl and/or mommy. Let's play together in our diapers. New but eager and open-minded. Let's write, talk or meet. Gordon Benson, 2199 E. Henrietta Rd. #124, Rochester, NY 14623.

Male, 44, Brown hair and eyes, 150, 5 feet 7 inches. I love to be dominated by a woman who uses my "real" baby diapers and rubber pants and treats me like a little boy who needs her to punish and humiliate him, and I love to wet my diaper. JNC Enterprise, PO Box 382, Westtown, PA 19395.

Male, 37, Brown hair and eyes, 5 feet seven, 200 pounds. I like wearing diapers when I can, dressing in diapers and plastic pants and sometimes dressing up like a baby girl. My married partner gets into it also. Boxholder, PO Box 195, Hammond, IL 61929.

Male, 36, Brown hair and eyes, 6 feet one, 160 pounds. I love wearing and wetting my diapers (cloth or disposable) and plastic pants. I also enjoy talking to and meeting other members. I would also like to play with other babies (girls preferably). Tel: 812/523-5315 anytime. Bill Wheeler, PO Box 122, Seymour, IN 47274.

Male, 36, Brown hair and eyes, 5 feet 11 inches, 185 pounds. Genuinely nice guy, single, professional, seeks naughty little girls who need love, diapers, domination & discipline. I will also be baby/slave for dominant mommy/lesbian couple. Females only please. Tel: 216/226-6206 M-F aft 9pm, all day Sat & Sun. Boxholder, PO Box 16364, Rocky River, OH 44116.

Male, 38, Blond haired, hazel eyed, good looking country boy, 6 foot 3 inches, weighs 175. I'm looking for a diaper boy who needs and attractive, outdoorsy diaper Dad to keep him in diapers and plastic pants 24 hours a day, fed, bathed, changed, cherished as a little buckeroo. Can travel. Clint Armstrong, c/o Circle "A" Ranch, PO Box 1183, Makawao, Maui, HI 96768.

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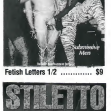

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DIAPERED CONTACTS

Male, 42, Blonde hair and blue eyes, 5 foot nine, weight 180. I like diapers, plastic pants, women in diapers, baby dolls, ruffles, and meeting wonderful DPF members. Tel: 702/829-7150 Sun-Tues 9am, Frank Frawley, 8731 Moody St., Cypress, CA 90630.

Male, 39, Red hair, Blue eyes, 6 feet, Weight 160. I want to find a baby girl and keep her comfortably diapered all of the time, cuddle with her and be able to wear diapers and plastic pants openly. Bud King, PO Box 941, Spanaway, WA. 98387.

Male, 40, Brown hair and Brown eyes, 5 foot nine inches, weight 185. I like wearing and using diapers wherever I am. Portland, OR 97266. Write to Box OR-3, c/o DPF.

Male, 42, Brown hair and eyes, 5 feet 7, weight 190. I like being dressed like a baby girl, forced to mess my diapers and give oral sex to mommy or daddy. Tel: 253-0451 after 4pm. James Deryck, 35 High Street #10, Amherst, MA 01002.

Male, 36, Brown hair and Hazel eyes, 5 feet 9, weight 150. I'd love to humiliate some one by forcing them to wear diapers and plastic pants, and then spanking them. I'd also like to receive the same treatment. Patrick Shannon, PO Box 2179, Aspen, CO 81612.

Male, 42, Brown hair, Blue eyes, 6 feet one, weight 220. Wearing diapers and plastic pants with a bedwetting diapered girl. Tel: 743-3211, evenings. Steve Palmer, 16626 6th Street West #G201, Lynnwood, WA 98037.

Male, 42, Brown hair, Blue eyes, 5 feet 11, weight 92 kgs. I would like a cute female baby sister to play with, dress up with, and accidentally fill our nappies. We would then care for and change each other. Tel: page 61-8-2732555 for call back; Chris Penal, PO Box 441, Brighton, SA 5048, AUSTRALIA.

Male, 31, Brown hair, Blue eyes, weight 150. I want a dominant daddy or hunky dude to turn me into a baby or a diaper dependent guy and have humiliating diaper changes in front of daddy's friends or other cute guys. Wearing diapers under jeans & being noticed in public. Tim Sherra, 1333 S. Wabash Avenue, Box 17, Chicago, IL 60605.

DIAPERED CONTACTS

Male, 44, 5 feet 8, 180. Looking for a friend to share diaper fun. I love to wear sexy , nylon, female under -things over my diaper. Pink, red and black nylonare my favorite colors. Let's get together. Box WA-12, Tacoma, WA 48498, c/o DPF.

Male, 41, 5 feet 11, 92kg, Brown hair and eyes, I would like a cute female baby sister to play with and dress up with. We would .accidentally fill our nappies and then care for and change each other. Tel: page 61-8-2732555 for call back. Chris Penal, PO Box 441, Brighton, SA 5048 AUSTRALIA.

Couple, mid 30's, Heavyset. We are clean, disease free and discreet. Our interests include: Diapers, plastic pants, wet cotton panties, shaving. We are very oral and would love to meet other bi -males, females and couples with the same interests. Box MD-2, Waldorf, MD 20601, c/o DPF.

Male, 29, 5 feet 6, 100, Brown hair and eyes. A REAL baby! I can easily pass as a teen in bulky diapers & rubber pants. My girl friend/mistress Valerie, and her girlfriends find humiliating ways to treat me. Box NY-33 , Brooklyn, NY11209, c/o DPF,

Male,50, 6 feet 4, 225, Brown hair and Green-blue eyes. I want a white mommy andy age to trun me into a real baby and punish me with spankings and enemas when I am naughty. Tel: 718/857-5778 between 7-11PM. Bob Lambert,159 Eastern Pkwy. #2-G, Brooklyn, NY11238.

FEMALE, 33 years old, 5 feet 2 , Brown hair, Blue eyes. I'm interested in finding someone loving and understanding and willing to treat me as the toddler that I am. When needed, I like to get a bare bottom spanking or other punishment.s. I can switch roles. Tel: 507/625-3646 7-10pm Karen Staley, 413 N. 4th Street #711, Mankato, MN 56001.

Male, 42, 5 feet, 85kg, Brown hair and Grey eyes, I like to be babied by dominant who enjoys having a baby to dress and play with. Michael Kindler,134 Kurts Rd., Bilpin, NSW 2758 AUSTRALIA.

Male, 27, 6 feet, 190, Blonde hair and Blue eyes. I'm looking for Daddy again. Aunts, Uncles and playmates are neat too! I wear diapers all the time now. Brian Price, 4429 Westway St., Toledo, OH 43612.

Wh/M/37 5'9" 125/28 Red/Blue (write for phone #)
Baby/Toddler Johnnie likes: Thick diapers, blanket sleepers, Teddy-bears, bottles, cuddling, T.L.C., romance, good food/wine/conversation, meeting w/ Daddy's, big/little bro's & sis's, letters, phone calls, photos and FUN.
A B C D F I K L M N O R 2 4

Roster Page: 809
John
CANADA
Box Number#: 1577
ZIP: T2L 1R4
Member Since: Apr 1991

Wh/M/44 5'11" 160/33 Br/Blu
Dydee diaper service for big girls. "It's not just a job, it's a DODDY!!" Need a baby sister to take care of and diaper train. Let's share our love for baby things and return to our diapers together. "Doomed to dispers"!
A B C D F H J K L 2 6

Roster Page: 796
Chris
Maynard, MA
Box Number#: 1802
ZIP: 01754
Member Since: Apr 1989

Wh/m/36 6'2" 205/36 S-P/Blu
Human toilet bowl: sensuous, well endowed SWM seeks to receive your warm golden & brown showers. I'm open-minded & have a large video collection of both showers to trade for one on one. Will answer all mail.
A B C D E F H I K L M O R 2 5 s

Roster Page: 855
Richard
East Meadow, NY
Box Number#: 1554
ZIP: 11554
Member Since: Feb 1993

Wh/M/32 6' 180/32 Br/Br
Being put into diapers & rubber pants for bedwetting. In the morning the diapers are removed and I am put into training pants. Seeking dominant female.
A B C D E F H J M O P 2 6

Roster Page: 812
William
Mexico, NY
Box Number#: 1522
ZIP: 13114
Member Since: Feb 1991

Wh/M/38 5' 230/40 Br/Blu Tel: Available
Being a adult baby, wet and pants sooping. Mommy/Nurse incontinent. Big baby in discipline operation (toys, pacifiers, breast fed, big breast nurse maid. Babysitting neighbors in a crime, anal sex, nursery...
A B C D F I J K L M O P Q 5 s

Roster Page: 829
Charles
Hickory, MS
Box Number#: 1467
ZIP: 39332
Member Since: Oct 1994

Wh/M/23 5'6" 145/30 Blk/Br
Little diaper boy still needs new friends, will answer all. I love to wet my diapers heavily while walking thought the mall in short/shorts where a lot of girls can see.
A D F H J O P 6

Roster Page: 873
John
Burbank, IL
Box Number#: 2130
ZIP: 60459
Member Since: Apr 1993

Wh/M/42 6' 175/35 Br/Blu
Nice looking, DWM, straight 70% submissive 30% lovingly dominant seeking straight, bi or gay females who enjoy adult baby fun &/or sane, consentual D/S B/D variations (no S&M) by phone-mail-in parcels. Also couples.
A B E F H J O P 2 6 I

Roster Page: 886
Gary
St. Louis, MO
Box Number#: 2525
ZIP: 63151
Member Since: Apr 1995

Wh/M/30 5'11" 205/38 Br/Hzl
Diapered to 5 but bedwetter to 14. Always enjoyed wearing diaper & plastic pants at night. Sexually aroused by them. Love to meet young lady like me to share desires, diaper one another, lead to permanent relationship.
A B D 2 6 s

Roster Page: 861
Timmy
St. Peters, MI
Box Number#: 2206
ZIP: 63376
Member Since: Dec 1994

Wh/M/43 5'11" 280/48 Blnd/Blu Tel: Available
Diaper wearing child, looking for someone to live like a 6-10 yr old boy and sometimes bedwetter, treated like an 18mo to 3 yr old baby most of the time. Also wear diapers and sometimes switch roles.
A B C D F G H J O P 12 5 s

Roster Page: 832
Ronald
Hastings, NE
Box Number#: 1522
ZIP: 68902
Member Since: Jun 1988

Wh/M/39 5'11" 198/ Blk/Blu
Would like to find a mommer to treat me as complete baby even w/enemas and beatings till I cry as baby should, w/maybe very little sex. Must be willing to move in or marriage, very kind BF is what you can do for me, or I can visit.
A B C D E F G I J L M N O P R 2 5 d

Roster Page: 847
Rickie
Victoria, TX
Box Number#: 1285
ZIP: 77901
Member Since: Dec 1994

Wh/M/24 5'6" 140/ Br/Bel
Being treated like naughty little boy - by being bathed, powdered, diapered, spanked and disciplined by a strict mommie or babysitter.
A C F H J 2 6 s

Roster Page: 863
Jerry
N. Hollywood, CA
Box Number#: 2210
ZIP: 90025
Member Since: Feb 1995

Wh/M/48 6' 165/36 Blnd/Grn
Love diapers, noisy pink plastic panties, garter belts, nylons, nighties, heels. Love being forced to be a sissy panty boy by dominant mommy or guy. Especially love plastic panties. I travel CO, WY, NM, AZ, NV, CA.
A B D E G H I J M O P R 2 5 6

Roster Page: 849
Spike
Lake Forest, CA
Box Number#: 1316
ZIP: 92630
Member Since: Oct 1993

Wh/M/44 5'9" 170/34 Br/Hzl
Woman catches me with my hand in diaper pail, rubs wet diaper in my face, then diapers me in front of husband, wife exposes husband and has me nurse his bottle.
A B D E G H K 2 5

Roster Page: 850
Dave
Milpitas, CA
Box Number#: 1328
ZIP: 95036
Member Since: Dec 1992

Wh/M/32 6'2" 220/34 Blnd/Blu
Share weekend diaper fun with other young men. Would enjoy being a big brother for a guy who wears diapers for fun or because you have to.
A B D F 1 4

Roster Page: 850
Steve
San Jose, CA
Box Number#: 1330
ZIP: 95153
Member Since: Dec 1994

Wh/M/35 5'10" 155/36 Br/Br
Love wearing diapers and plastic pants. Want to correspond or meet others for big baby games. Can be toddler or daddy to baby boys or baby girls. Let's do it together.
A B C D F G H I J K L M N R 1 2 5

Roster Page: 781
Bobby
Boyes Hot Spr, CA
Box Number#: 2641
ZIP: 95416
Member Since: Oct 1992

Mark D.
Edison, CA

Wh/M-43 5'8" 180/30 Br/Br
Slippery, shiny, smooth, warm, trim Daddy wants to hear from guys over 21 who love wearing plastic pants, latex, rubber, vinyl wear for fun safe games.
A B H I J N O P R 1 4 5
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 6177
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 93220
Member Since: Feb 1986

Jim
Monterey, CA

Wh/M-38 5'9" 180/33 Br/Blu
Wearing diapers and baby clothes. Being treated like a baby. Wish to correspond with same.
A B C H 5
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2248
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 93940
Member Since: Dec 1993

Richard
Mt. View, CA

Wh/M-47 6'6" 210/35 Gray/Blu Tel: Available
Not really into baby scene, but I don't mind playing along. Like wet diapers, briefs, and panties, mine or yours. Will pee into yours or you can pee into mine.
A B D E 6 d
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 6229
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 94040
Member Since: Jun 1989

David
San Francisco CA

Wh/M-44 5'11" 145/27 Lt.Brn/Blue
Being regressed to 1 or 2 yr old. Being cared for as daughter from loving mommy or daddy or both. Forced sex and humiliation.
A B C D G H I J K O P 2 5
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 6409
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 94102
Member Since: Jun 1985

Denis
San Francisco, CA

Wh/M-42 5'9" 175/33 Blnd/Blu
Wearing diapers full time, baby treatment, discipline, humiliation, sissy baby games. Incontinent.
A B C D F H I J K M N O P Q R S 2 4
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2254
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 94114
Member Since: Feb 1995

Jon
San Francisco CA

Wh/M-40 5'10" 150/33 Grey-Br/Blu
I like wet pants - levis, underwear, jocks, beds, diapers, plastic pants, etc. Like to meet hot single gay guys for wet, erotic fun. Let's get wet together, J/O and more.
A B D F J K L O P R S 1 2 4 5
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2414
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 94115
Member Since: Feb 1987

Mike
San Francisco, CA

Wh/M-38 5'6" 155/31 Br/Blu
Forced into diapers and wetting. Either by kidnap or coercion. Make me wear them full time even though I protest. Can reverse roles or be dominant. Call mail box for address.
A B C D H I J O P Q 1 2 4 5
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2328
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 94119
Member Since: Feb 1991

Jeremy
San Francisco CA

Wh/M-45 6' 165/34 Gr/Bl
Dressed in fussy, frilly outfits & trained to be the perfect sissy. I enjoy getting fun into role as a childish, sissy "angel". Seeking adult friend.
A B C D E F G H J O P Q 2 5
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2370
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 94142
Member Since: Jun 1991

Gary
Hayward, CA

Wh/M-40 5'9" 175/36 Br/Hazl Tel: Available
I like being taken control of, dressed like a baby girl & tied up in a crib. Enjoy trying to get loose and begging to be let go while being punished (masturbated) or made to say how much I like my diaper or dress, etc.
A B C D E G H I P 2 6 d
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2367
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 94544
Member Since: Feb 1995

Rob
Livermore, CA

Wh/M-45 5'7" 180/36 Lt.Br/Hazl
Love small petite women who wear diapers & plastic pants, enjoy sucking on a baby bottle & mild spankings. Love giving baths, body rubs & long time talks. Love oral sex, long kisses & playing daddy. I'm extremely discreet.
A B D L O 6 m
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2222
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 94550
Member Since: Feb 1995

Dana
Petaluma, CA

Wh/M-32 6'1" 175/36 Br/Bl
I am hoping to find other gentle people who like wearing diapers and acting like babies. Do you want someone to share your fantasies with? Please write.
A B C D F 6
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2247
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 94952
Member Since: Dec 1991

Victor
Milpitas, CA

Wh/M-34 5'7" 153/32 Br/Br Tel: Available
Would love to meet, take care of, & be taken care of by a baby girl/mommy. We could wetness our diapers together & change each other. I want to give a baby girl the TLC she needs. Please don't let this baby boy be lonely.
A B D F L 6
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2219
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 95035
Member Since: Feb 1995

Mike
Saratoga, CA

/M-54 5'11" 150/35 Br/Hazl
Being spanked by mommy or giving spanking to a submissive woman.
O P 1 2 6
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2363
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 95070
Member Since: Aug 1990

Baby Pants
Lockeford, CA

Wh/M-45 5'11" 175/34 Br/Hazl
I want my mommy! Baby Pants wants to hear from mommies and babies.
A C D F G H L O P 6
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2344
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 95237
Member Since: Feb 1995

Melanie & Ken
Susanville, CA

Wh/F-M-31-31 5'9"-5'10" 220/38-225/38 Br/Hazl-Blnd/Blu
Husband bedwetter kept in diapers. Like to correspond with other couples or singles especially in central or northern California, southern Oregon and Nevada.
A B C D 6
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2231
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 96130
Member Since: Jun 1994

Donald
Wahiawa, HI

/M-36 5'9" 135/30 Br/Grn Tel: Available
I like wearing and wetting thick baby diapers and plastic pants and pretending to be a baby.
A B C D E F G L 2
Roster Page: 864
Roster Mail Box: = 2230
Voice Mail Box:
ZIP: 96786
Member Since: Oct 1993

DIAPERED CONTACTS

Male, 44, 5 feet 8, 180. Looking for a friend to share diaper fun. I love to wear sexy , nylon, female under -things over my diaper. Pink, red and black nylonare my favorite colors. Let's get together. Box WA-12, Tacoma, WA 48498, c/o DPF.

Male, 41, 5 feet 11, 92kg, Brown hair and eyes, I would like a cute female baby sister to play with and dress up with. We would .accidentally fill our nappies and then care for and change each other. Tel: page 61-8-2732555 for call back. Chris Penal, PO Box 441, Brighton, SA 5048 AUSTRALIA.

Couple, mid 30's, Heavyset. We are clean, disease free and discreet. Our interests include: Diapers, plastic pants, wet cotton panties, shaving. We are very oral and would love to meet other bi -males, females and couples with the same interests. Box MD-2, Waldorf, MD 20601, c/o DPF.

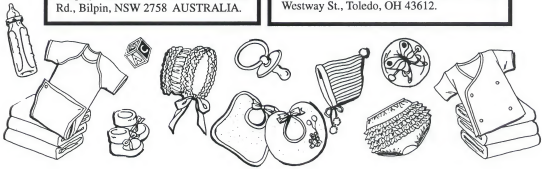
Male, 29, 5 feet 6, 100, Brown hair and eyes. A REAL baby! I can easily pass as a teen in bulky diapers & rubber pants. My girl friend/mistress Valerie, and her girlfriends find humiliating ways to treat me. Box NY-33 , Brooklyn, NY11209, c/o DPF,

Male,50, 6 feet 4, 225, Brown hair and Green-blue eyes. I want a white mommy andy age to trun me into a real baby and punish me with spankings and enemas when I am naughty. Tel: 718/857-5778 between 7-11PM. Bob Lambert,159 Eastern Pkwy. #2-G, Brooklyn, NY11238.

FEMALE, 33 years old, 5 feet 2 , Brown hair, Blue eyes. I'm interested in finding someone loving and understanding and willing to treat me as the toddler that I am. When needed, I like to get a bare bottom spanking or other punishment.s. I can switch roles. Tel: 507/625-3646 7-10pm Karen Staley, 413 N. 4th Street #711, Mankato, MN 56001.

Male, 42, 5 feet, 85kg, Brown hair and Grey eyes, I like to be babied by dominant who enjoys having a baby to dress and play with. Michael Kindler,134 Kurts Rd., Bilpin, NSW 2758 AUSTRALIA.

Male, 27, 6 feet, 190, Blonde hair and Blue eyes. I'm looking for Daddy again. Aunts, Uncles and playmates are neat too! I wear diapers all the time now. Brian Price, 4429 Westway St., Toledo, OH 43612.



DIAPERED CONTACTS

Male, 30, Red hair, Blue eyes, 5 feet 8, Weight 210. I want to have someone treat me like a total baby and take care of me by having me sleep in a crib, play in a playpen, feed me in a high chair and, last but not least, change my diapers. Dale Swanson, PO Box 17, Sparta, MO 65753.

Male, 35, Brown hair, Blue eyes, 5 feet 7, weight 180. I'm just a little toddler that wants to be loved and treated as such. I'm up for adoption. I'd like to talk, tickle, cuddle, and share special moments and memories. Adopt me please! And my teddy bear too. Larry Lukasavage, 3484 N. Downer Ave, #1, Milwaukee, WI 53211.

Male, 38, Brown hair, Breen eyes, 5 feet 11, Weight 190. I love diapers and plastic pants. I would like to be babysat by a lactating woman or a woman who has access to bottles of mother's milk.
Keith Krulik, PO Box 17918, Indianapolis, IN 46217

Male, 39, Brown hair and eyes, 5 feet 10, weight 145. I would like being dominated by a roomful of women in their late 20's or early 30's, dressed in leather, who would humiliate me as their diaper slave. George Yanulis, 2124 Highland Ave. #3E, Birmingham, AL, 35205.

Male, 45, Red hair, 5 feet 11, weight 180. I love to wear diapers, plastic pants, little girl dresses and be dominated. I'm bi sexual - looking for a Daddy. I wore diapers until I was11 years old. Sam Ryan, PO Box 361, Rochester, NY 14603.

Male, 35, Brown hair, Blue eyes, 6 feet 5, weight 170. I'm looking for a female, for mutual make-out, who wants a babysitter to take care of her and who will also baby me. Tel: 206/782-2755 most any time; Mick, Box WA-13, Seattle, WA 98117, c/o DPF.

Male, 40, Blond hair, Blue eyes, 5 feet 8, weight 142. I want to play with other skinny puppies in our diapers and baby pants. Sometimes just in wet and slippery plastic panties. Michel Hubert, Box 573, Sta Desjardins, Montreal, Que., CANADA H5B 1B7

Male, 34, Brown hair, Blue eyes, 6 feet 4, weight 190. I want to meet a woman who needs to be bathed, oiled, powdered, pampered, dressed, fed, held, loved and have all of her needs provided for. Allan Leonard, PO Box 2174, Monrovia, CA 91017.

DIAPERED CONTACTS

SWM, 27, Blond, Hazel eyes, 6 feet, 160. College educated Baby seeking baby girls and mommies for correspondence and friendship. Enjoy sharing fantasies and feelings about playing baby games. Love being powdered and diapered. Would like my bottom warmed by spanking. Very sincere, and treat those I write with sincerity and respect. Michael B. Ekbad, PSC 1 Box 2785, Vandenberg, CA 93437-2785. Phone: 805-734-3537.

Male, 37, Light Brown hair, Blue eyes, 6 foot 2 inches, 15 stone. Looking for a caring, loving woman any age to treat me as her baby, force me into nappies and plastic/rubber pants. Also would like to correspond w ith baby girls & boys, mommies, nurses and nannies. Like to do what you would do to me. Richard Parker, 6 Ragley House, Cardy Close, Bachley, Reddich, Worcestershire, ENGLAND, B97-6LR.

Male, 43, Black hair, Brown eyes, 150 pounds, 5 feet 10 inches. I would like to go on dates with a woman who is also in diapers. My favorite fantasy is a nurse changing my diapers in a hospital. Tele. 203 875 4455, between 11pm-12pm Paul Drasovich, PO Box 545, Tolland, CT 06084.

Irish, Male, 31, Brown hair, Blue eyes, 11 Stone. I would like a trip to the US to meet my new mummy and be looked after as a little baby girl. I want to go out shopping, meet others and be a baby for a holiday. Tel: 081-809-2340, 7am-11am. London, ENGLAND N4 1NU. Write to Box FF-21, c/o DPF.

Love wearing diapers and plastic pants in a flananelized rubber sheeted crib with a Teddy bear and a baby pacifier. Into whole baby scene. Would like to correspond with big baby girl or female mommy. Code:NY-1

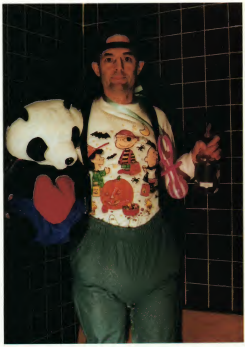
I'm a Big Baby Boy!

Here I am, up bright and early (2pm) and ready to go see Santa!

I'm wearing three top draws diapers with one panty. This held 6 pounds (3 quarts) before it overflowed 12 hours later.

Here I am in the center of Buckland Hills Mall, asking Santa to bring me a diaper-wearing girlfriend.

n my bathroom I have 1 nighttime and 5 daytime diapers plus one rubber duckie displayed on my permanent diaper shelf in plain view for any visitor to see.



his is what I wore to 3 singles parties for Halloween. Some ladies asked me if I needed the diapers, but then quickly went away.

am waiting for a nice lady nurse to change me. I hope to see a diaper under her short skirt.

lease write to me at this address:

Philip #1143
P.O. Box 545
Tolland, CT 06084
or call:
(203) 875-4455
Fax:**(203) 871-6161**

If writing, please include your phone number so I can reply.

–Philip

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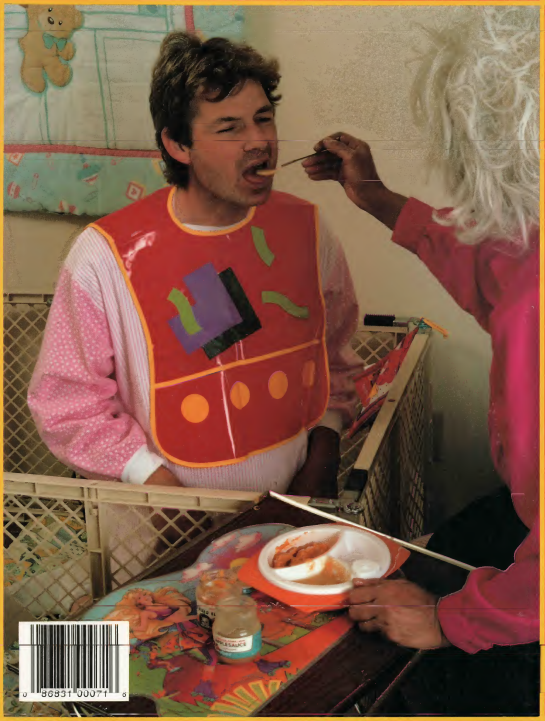
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